

CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.

GET TOGETHER!

The World

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MILITARISM AND "MOLLY-CODDLING;" WHAT THEY ARE DOING FOR ENGLAND.

England has spent upward of \$500,000,000 in her war upon the South African republics and is spending about \$7,000,000 a week. This lavish expenditure for the benefit of the owners of the gold mines of the Witwatersrand suggests that England has more money than it can usefully employ.

But read these statements by Thomas Burke, formerly Chairman of the Liverpool Workhouse Committee, as to England's army of destitute:

First—In England and Wales, with a population of 32,000,000, there are 714,000 paupers—one in every 45.

Second—That two out of every five persons over sixty-five years of age living in England and Wales are paupers.

Third—That upward of 100,000 deaths annually occur among the working people of England and Wales from preventable causes, chiefly from the unsanitary conditions of their dwelling-houses.

Fourth—That in Liverpool, the second city of England, where 12,000 persons live in cellars below the street level, the death-rate in the wards inhabited by the working classes rises to 60 per 1,000 as against a general death-rate of 23 per 1,000 for the whole city.

Millions upon millions for a wicked and wanton and worthless war. A standing army of a million paupers in the three kingdoms.

There is no country on earth where the Legislature does so much for the masses as in Britain. It is always tinkering, always arranging eight-hour days and minimum wages and outdoor relief and bigger poor-houses and model tenements. And the conditions grow relatively worse, in spite of a vast industrial prosperity.

Why?

The answer is—Taxes. For wars, for helping the defective classes, for "molly-coddling" the toiling masses, more and more taxes.

And in the end the toiling masses have to pay the most of these taxes. So the British Government to win "glory" abroad and to "uplift the masses at home" robs the toiler for the benefit of the soldier, the pauper, the incompetent. Hence, more soldiers, more paupers, more incompetents all the time and proportionately fewer self-respecting, progressive, self-supporting men and women.

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POLICE "PROTECTION."

By FERDINAND G. LONG.



The little invalid Commissioner stands between the police captains and their assailants.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE ANSWERED BY

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

No. This Is Not an Insult.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:—Is this an insult or not? One night while I was at a party I was asked if a certain lady was my mother. My reply was, "No, she is my maiden aunt. My aunt said it was an insult to her. She is the only one in the family that is not married, and I thought it correct. Please tell me." H. H. S.

Y. Our aunt is certainly too sensitive. There was obviously no insult intended. Your aunt is your mother or father's sister. Presumably she might have a daughter of your age. Men are not mind readers. They cannot always discriminate between maidenly and maternal charms.

Etiquette of Engagement Parties.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:—A gentleman friend of mine has received an invitation to an engagement party, and he has asked me to go with him. The invitation reads: "Engaged,



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Mrs. Mary Brown to Mr. Charles Gray. At home, —, at 2 o'clock. Kindly tell me whether we should get there at 2 o'clock or later; how long should we

stay and what would be the proper time for me to do so? I am not acquainted with their party? VIOLE

Y. Of course you should go to the reception time after 2 o'clock and remain about a half hour.

Congratulate the gentleman on good fortune and wish the young couple a long life of great happiness.

Serve on Wooden Dishes.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:—What and how shall I serve supper for a wooden wedding?

S. SERVE the supper on wooden plates, and from wooden dishes. You will find also favors of wood and many ornaments to table. You can use any flower decorations you may choose, but as possible replace articles usually glass and porcelain by the same in wood.

THE KICKERS' CLUB KICKS IN GOOD STYLE.

Kick Against Immigration.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—What do you think the result will be to this fair country ten years (or less) hence if immigration of the riff-raff of foreign lands continues as quoted recently in a paper, as follows: "Majestic, from Liverpool, brought 797; West-land, from Antwerp, 596; Tartar Prince, from Naples, 1,000; and Frankfort, from Bremen, 1,716, making a total of 4,199." Will there still be room and work for Americans in America?

C. H. L.

Kick Against Enforced Idleness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—I want to kick against the Street-Cleaning Department. A man often waits about a year before going through Civil Service examinations, gets a job as extra sweeper, works from one to three days a week and has to wait long

before he gets steady work. If he does not report every day he runs the risk of losing his job. I think the D. S. C. should allow him at least four days a week, so he and his family could get along.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Kick Against Victory Statues.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—I desire to register a kick against Macmillan's naval group at Prospect Park Plaza. To begin with, I am opposed to all victory statues calculated to perpetuate the memory of our civil war. I cannot make out why this obese female figure in the group should be there, nor what it stands for, unless it represents the fat of the land. She holds up Neptune's insignia of office, but her appearance argues a beer diet.

Kick Against Free Whiskey.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—I kick against the man who keeps a suburban grocery and drug store com-

bined, paying a \$5 drug license and selling more whiskey than his neighbor, the saloon-keeper; also giving whiskey away to customers to take the trade away from honest storekeepers.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Kick Against Overstudy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—The children in an uptown grammar school in the first class have a lady teacher who gives them lessons every day to do at home in such abundance that it is impossible for them to learn their lessons. Let me state my own troubles. My daughter as soon as she enters the house is bound to study till 11 o'clock every night. The child has no time to rest, and is fresh air consequently is feeling sick. A FATHER.

Kick Against Fruit on Sidewalks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—I have a kick to make regarding the throwing of fruit skins and bits of fruit on the sidewalk. Everywhere you go you find banana, orange and other skins on the walk. Now many people promenade to and fro and plenty of them slip and fall on this fruit. I don't see why the fruit eaters don't throw the skins in the gutter and not on the sidewalk. This would prevent many accidents and numerous broken heads and jaws.

MAX E.

Kick Against Lack of Open Cars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—It always has been one of my joys in mild weather to board an open Broadway car and ride in it to business, smoking as I went. But this spring where are the open Broadway cars? I saw one in March (on a bitter cold, rainy day, of course), but see none of late. I watch for them, too, every time I walk down Broadway. I thought one car out of a certain number was supposed to be a "smoker," but I fail to find it. Besides, in these balmy days, why put out the regular open cars? This is a kick.

PAUL ST. CLAIR.

NEW YORK TYPES.



The Caddy. This is the Caddy of Gotham Town whose cry of "Keb, sir!" no noise can drown. His mark in life is the greed for gain. Which was once marked down by brave Mark Twain. Soon his horse no longer the lash will feel. For he auto yield place to the automobile.

TAKE CARE. LOVE is a gambler; Watch him with care. The roistering rambler Will anything dare. He'll play with a beggar. He'll sport with a king; A fortune he'll wager—Gold—fame—anything. Watch the cards, come your ohiding; He's false—you'll believe When I tell you he's hiding The hearts up his sleeve! —Tom Hall.

FINANCE AND SPORTS. Tommy-Pa, what is meant by "a speculator for a fall?" Pa—Perhaps it refers to a student. That's what he is.

THE NEW WOMAN NEEDS A NEW VOCABULARY.

THE necessity of a new vocabulary for the new woman is evident. This was very apparent at the recent meeting of the daughters of the Revolution at Washington. The old lexicographers doubtless did their work to the best of their ability, according to their light, but changed conditions have created new exigencies. The stern duties assumed by the new woman have evolved a fresh set of emotions for which the old words possible to woman are quite inadequate.

Man, by nature fitted to combat with the stern realities of life, does not find the same difficulty in dealing with his emotions. In moments of anger he can strike out from the shoulder or give vent to his feelings in strong verbal expletives. Women, gentle and pacific, has no such resources. Custom requires her to bottle up her wrath, or if expressed to tell her meaning in the most guarded terms. Instances are not wanting in history where women of the progressive type have been known to burst the bonds of conventionalality and express themselves in plain, unvarnished speech. Queen Elizabeth was wont to swear like a trooper on occasion, and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, could outdo the old Duke in plain profanity when her temper was up. But the new woman would probably hesitate to avail herself of this last prerogative. Profanity is objection-

able, to say the least of it, and even the men who use it have been known to deprecate the habit.

No word is needed is a new vocabulary altogether. It should become embodying a new form of words and phrases expressive of the moods of the modern club woman—something, in fact, to voice the entire gamut of new emotions in which she has fallen heir.

When a club woman wishes to call an opponent an "old card" or "a crowd" she need only refer to her vocabulary to find a delicate synonym for the same. Expletives might also be invented to show still heavier degrees of contempt. The value of such a work can scarcely be overrated. Had it been in existence previous to the meeting of the daughters at Washington the breaking of the President's sword might have been averted, also the cases of hysteria on the floor. When ready for use and placed on the market no well-regulated club

would be complete without a copy. Women and men are not so dissimilarly differing temperament and endowment in matters of mere emotion.

Both experience the same sensation on coming in contact with an inverted pin. The man says "— those pins!" The woman has the same sense of outrage, but there is no word by which she may express it. The new vocabulary should provide for every emergency. Women dislike profanity, not because of its strength, but because it is coarse and vulgar, but she needs a set of new expletives all the same, and the sooner they are provided the better.

At the present rate with which the new woman is progressing, if not provided with something better, she may take up what she finds at hand. There fore let us have the new vocabulary, and with all haste.

Can any reader suggest a few new "firecrackers," but entirely innocent words for the use of the fair sex?

PAPA, MAMMA, DADDY, GOVERNOR.

IN OUR own country "papa" and "mamma" have been in familiar use for some 30 years at least. They probably reached us from Italy, where their use was of much older date. Dante uses "mamma" in the "Purgatorio." Words of this kind are often in common and familiar use long before they find their way into the written language of books, so that it would not be easy to say when "papa" and "mamma" were first heard among us, but one of the earliest literary traces of their use is to be found in Italy's "Divina Comedia" (1309), an Italian story crammed with curious verbal allusions, for the most part copied or imitated from the Italian fashions and affections of the day. From that time instances of the use of one or the other of the words, or of both, are

fairly common in literature.

Another familiar and childish variant is "daddy" or "daddy." "Daddy" or "daddy" as the earlier form is, is a pure Welsh word, and is of great antiquity. The Lord's Prayer begins in Welsh with the words "Yn Tad," or "Yn Dad," the first word of the phrase meaning "Our Father," with its derivatives "daddy" and "daddy" has long been familiar in the mouths of English children. Like "papa," it was doubtless in use many years before literature took note of it; still, it is found more than two centuries ago in a burlesque poem attacking James II. The droller contains both "daddy" and "daddy." Dryden, too, in a translation of the twenty-seventh Psalm of David, has the line: "Our Maan and Dad are pretty names to hear."

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.



To cut this waist with high or low neck, long or elbow sleeves, in medium size, 41-2 yards of material 36 or 38 inches wide, or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide. One yard of velvet or silk for girdle.

To cut the five-gored skirt 10 yards of material 21 inches wide, 91-2 yards 27 inches wide, 6 yards 44 inches wide, or 1 3/4 yards 50 inches wide.

The waist pattern No. 8713, sizes 22 to 30, will be sent for 10 cents. The skirt pattern No. 8714, sizes 22 to 30, will be sent for 10 cents; both patterns 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, 100 Nassau Street, New York City."

NEW YORK TYPES.



The Matinee Girl. This is the girl whose smile or frown Makes or mars actors in Gotham Town. At the matinee idle hours she spends, To the joy of the matinee idol's friends. There's a way where'er there's a will, folks say! And hers, on Saturday, is Broadway.

A CITY THAT HAS NO WAGONS.

THINK of a city without a wagon, or any wheeled vehicle in it. There is such a city, and there are several thousand people living there. It is the mining town of Catorce, located high up in the mountains of Northern Mexico. It is because the streets are so steep that wagons are not used. The nearest point to Catorce that a railroad touches is several miles distant, and from the station the visitor must make his way up a mountain trail on horseback or by means of the sure-footed "burro" that is used almost exclusively in the region. This trail often leads around the faces of precipices, or frequently brings the traveller out upon grand views where sight is lost in the distance.

The name Catorce is Spanish for fourteen, and in this connection there is an interesting explanation of why the town was so called. Long, long years ago, it is said, a band of fourteen robbers ravaged the plains of Northern Mexico, slaying and burning and pillaging. At last the people arose against them, fought them in several battles and drove them far into the fastnesses of the mountains. There the fourteen robbers were besieged until finally they decided that robbery was not profitable any longer, settled down and laid the foundations of the town, which has ever since been known as "Fourteen" from the men who built it.

WELCOME TO THESE STURDY SONS OF FRANCE.

New York is particularly glad to see those eighty rosy, brown, happy-looking young Frenchmen aboard the French training-ship Duguay-Trouin, now lying at anchor at the foot of West Thirty-third street, and open to visitors every afternoon.

The appearance of young Frenchmen in our waters always reminds us of that day in 1777 when the young Marquis de la Fayette landed to help us fight for liberty. He was a mere boy. He had read the Declaration of Independence. Dismissing his traditions of caste, leaving the young woman whom he had just married, he set sail, and was soon with the ragged army of Washington.

America has not forgotten De la Fayette, nor France and its services to the cause of liberty. So, while we are glad to see any and all foreigners who come as friends, we are especially glad to see Frenchmen.

If you have become infected with "foreign devilism" toward France through reading English accounts of Frenchmen as half-crazy weaklings and degenerates, go and see these sturdy young middies and get cured.